

# CANIBUS

*Lyrical Law*



LYRICAL LAW

- 001 LYRICAL LAW INTRO
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**PARENTAL  
ADVISORY**  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Lyrical Noir"

*[Intro:]*

Lyrical Noir

This is Lyrical Law

Say it some more

Lyrical Law

Lyrical Noir

"I'm sick and tired of what you've been saying about me in the media"

Yo

Give me some more slack on this rope  
I run your boney ass throat over in a zodiac boat  
46 degrees north, 6 degrees east  
The Large Hadron Collider gave birth to a beast  
That speaks, they quote my speech  
Vocal motifs over dope beats, all lyricists know me!  
That's why the industry's debunking my lyrics  
With digital trunking equipment, they don't want you to listen!  
The Ripper's language won't appeal to the masses because they look past it  
Only the masters know the seal of the scarab  
Some humans are born average based off environmental circumstances  
You organic piece of shit, you substandard  
But do not be embarrassed by your underdeveloped status  
It's up to you to find the right questions and ask it  
Research leads to results sometimes we find meaning after  
Other times they're just meaningless babblers  
Don't believe these rappers, fake unbelievable bastards  
Comet Elenin is coming straight at us, don't believe NASA  
Take matters into your own hands  
Stop being slow and acting like hoes, get with the fucking program  
Hip Hop is the greatest genre known to man  
If we focus, the poetry is so advanced  
We can overthrow any plan and control man  
You got soul? Let's Jam! Lyrical Law I'm the Canibus Man  
What's the buy-in minimum? 88 sales, program  
And the number of stores, I don't care no more  
This is Lyrical Law Noir hardcore raw Metaphors for you and yours  
You can't say you wasn't warned!  
Thousands of bars, them dummies couldn't stomach my bars  
They rather conform, they throwing up their pompoms  
You don't wanna wrestle with Armstrong  
We sever blood vessels tryna mess with the God's poem  
Damage any motherfucking beat that I rhyme on  
Connect to the God's thoughts, possess your iPod, I grind hard  
Intellectual hardboard, take it back to Hip Hop Style Wars  
Grunting like a pack of wild boars  
Power source Lyrical Law my bomb squad full force  
Call 'em off we got too much torque

Nitrous Oxide Bars pull a bull of course  
Pitch fork to you neck just to prove I'm raw  
Iron horse, smack DVD, Battle Rap dwarf  
Slap you with the flat part of the sword, now you back for more  
Passing yourself off like a Rap star  
But you support wack bars that's why rap has lost -- fact!  
You a Cool J crack whore,  
You snitch like police Labradors tryna sniff out sasquatch  
Man up, no more lip service and back wash  
Stand up! I'ma break off you're back paws  
Thor's hammer crack jaws, attack y'all, fracture your skull  
Mountain man axe to your loins  
Self-employed like Donald Goines, cash cows on steroids  
I don't fall for deceptions or decoys  
I'm a beast and I'm clairvoyant  
Your soya won't tear the beat up whether or not you appear on it  
Double trouble dear promise fuck you and your comments  
The chairman of Lyrical Law will be honoured  
The last man standing, after the internet is abandoned  
James Cameron with a gamma ray cannon  
..... brainwashed Hip Hop  
And they came from Saturn, they were the first alien race of rappers  
They landed in North Africa, their teeth be gnashing  
Their names look like acronyms, they released the Kraken,  
They live in underground cabins  
They slither fast through the inner-earth labyrinth  
They move in S-patterns though deep planet chasms  
I chase 'em and trap 'em, detailing the action  
For tryna desecrate the Sabbath of the lyrical master, faggots  
I laid them on top of each other like Abu Ghraib  
They spacecraft look like the Eiffel Tower in Paris  
They pray on my downfall they orchestrated Hip Hop's imbalance  
They underestimated my talent  
I hold the globe up like Atlas  
They lied about Canibus -- ask 'em  
I'm the world's greatest motherfucking rapper!  
They slandered my character through private and public propaganda  
They tell the people I'm Dr. Doppelganger  
They ask me shit, that they know I'm not gonna answer  
Extinction Level Event, they can't stop the disaster  
Cocksucker stop the camera, 'cause you know that I'm a miserable bastard  
I crack lens, break microchips and melt plastic  
You Canibus? - Who's asking?  
That's Captain Cold Crush to you maggot, you a lyrical has-been  
Lyrical Law's a classic they can't get past it  
The beats, the rhymes, the features, every single facet  
Lyrical Law's a classic they can't get past it  
The beats, the rhymes, the features, every single facet  
The microphone assassin 'bout to get at 'em  
The Dragon of Judah breathe fire 'til his last breath  
Full Battle Rattle in action lyrical Metal Jackets  
Coming through with several new attachments  
Computers is crashing, hackers is laughing

Rapid eye movement, try to keep up with the captain, what's happening?

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Art Of Yo"

(feat. Born Sun, K-Rino)

*[Born Sun]*

Bastard style with no father tryna claim the kid  
I called it X cos I ain't even tryna name the shit  
Sundullah, see me on the stage with Rip  
Nitrogen lungs yo my tongue mix propane with spit  
And I'm nice, the voice of Christ resurrected through mics  
Son of God, Son of Man, helping some of y'all will overstand  
Crash the Vatican as soon as I land  
I'm 'bout to set it on man in the gulf of Adan  
I stand in the Garden of Eden, unbeaten, undefeated  
I Tweeted pictures of Eve, tonguing Jesus  
Scientology guides put my rhymes on photography slides  
To quantify the higher knowledge applied  
But I'm an uncaged animal channeling Hannibal  
A cannibal bite your head off and hand it to you  
SpitBoss, centrifugal force different from yours  
Sun is Born, this is Lyrical Law, Yo!!!

*[break]*

*[K-Rino]*

I've never been a friendly author, don't need a gangster beat to make me off ya  
I'll slaughter ya while playing Cyndi Lauper  
Better than y'all, give me one competitive brawl  
I throw a hundred miles an hour with a medicine ball  
I melt your fortress down to caramel softness  
Drive a charger through ya torso, parallel parking  
That cosmic ray beam effect, I Hiroshima wreck  
Rap disaster so tragic they gave his ass a FEMA check  
Cadence is radiant, I predated Arcadians  
I stayed with the brigade of alien ecto sapiens  
Hit your through the atrium of heavenly light  
Once I smite you, like a left arm you'll never be right  
I've used every word possible to let you know what I can do  
So I made something new, I'll collipherously clobber you  
You ain't legitimate, you posing like a model  
Dude I'll throttle you, liquidate and sixteen ounce bottle you

*[break]*

*[Canibus]*

I'm tryna figure out, who this nigga barking at  
Before his heart gets snatched, run up on him in a stocking cap  
Keep barking like you hard, get stalked and clapped  
Come in the cage you get stomped on the mat  
Carve your name in the axe, then chop you in the back

Hack off your femur bones, beat you with them like bats  
Put your remains in some saran wrap, dump them in an alcohol vat  
You can rap but you ain't all that  
Step inside, close the door, fuck you yawning for?  
Kick your head off, now it's rolling on the floor like a bowling ball  
Open the door, clean this fucking mess off my wall  
And don't ever mention his name no more  
You dig, you follow me nigga, I follow you quicker  
You got a weak ticker, told you not to fuck with the Ripper  
Have you showing your true colours, drinking blood from ya liver  
You a dickrider and you an Indian giver  
Waging war with some gorillas, I'll bludgeon you by the river  
The bar range is pissing he gon find you while you fishing  
Fistula face, herpes simplex I'll break  
Alienated aliens get ate by alien apes  
You food nigga, throw yourself over the gate  
How does alien taste? Like mammalian waste  
You ain't swift you's a dumb fuck  
I'll have you breathing like your lungs got struck by two-hundred pound nunchucks  
Brave motherfuckers get slayed for Hip Hop if you love it  
Like Kill Bill between a hundred gay lovers  
I'm the illest nigga say something...  
Yeah I thought so, shut the fuck up things will go back to normal  
I ain't happy tho, now I'm in battle mode  
The president of Hip Hop with mad motherfuckers on the grassy knoll  
I take it back to my Curriculum days  
What you say? I body you in meticulous ways  
Cos you thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze  
Let me tell you something, don't pop shit fistula face  
Battle league nigga, talking shit's for amateurs nigga  
Goddammit, y'all living off fantasies nigga  
You wanna battle that bad, aight go get your camera  
When it's my turn, I got a four and a half pound answer  
When I was young, I took down hard targets  
You a sausage nigga, for coming at me like a novice  
You never heard 'Fraternity of the Impoverished'?  
Motherfucker, can't you see that I'm an artist  
I don't want them childish problems  
Lyrical manslaughter charges interfere with my Lyrical Law process  
Out rap me, that's preposterous, metaphor marksman mudswamping  
We hunt down Hip Hop monsters  
Skin 'em alive tie their carcass to the bottom of my Polaris  
And drive them all the way to Wisconsin  
Partner, fuck around, throw your ass under the bus face down  
Lay down, we gonna wait for this greyhound  
The fuck you gonna say now?  
Do me a favour, stop weighing me down  
Fucking clown, Lyrical Law is too muscle bound  
Houdini style nigga, just struggle and drown  
Get it over with you can never fuck with my style  
You got raped nigga, you bleeding, don't touch my towel  
You can spit them wack juice punchline lines all you want  
But don't front, bottom line, I'm a champ, you a chump

You can spit your stupid punchlines all you want  
But after this the whole world gonna see who won  
That's what you wanted right, get the fuck off my mic

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Emerald Cypher"

(feat. Born Sun, K-Rino, Killah Priest)

*[Intro:]*

Niggaz listen to this shit right now  
Got this shit goin down  
That New World Order, niggaz is holdin it down  
Niggaz ain't ready man, everybody know what time it is man  
Y'all niggaz listenin to this shit right now  
All my niggaz in the street  
Man y'all niggaz know what time it is, are they ready?  
Let's see it, let's see if these niggaz is ready man

*[Killah Priest:]*

My brain is a coliseum unfinished, an art museum that none vision  
A masoleum before the sun risen  
Dark wisdom, break the order of the magic witches  
The tablet that we gifted, fall in the hands of the music business  
The sacred oath, to snake his post  
He flinches, I take his ghost  
Shadow war, we battle for  
The emerald wing that unfold wings  
When you enter the temple they sing, hieroglyphs  
Up a spiral cliff, follow the monk for months  
Close your eyes when his disciples is sent  
Every morn' the first satellite hit  
I spit, the prayer laws recite from scripts  
Then it's back to the silence  
Patient observe the lotus bud, I write the scroll on each clove  
This is discipline before beast mode  
Follow G-O-D code  
Fondle my prayers beads, under a pear tree, this prepares me  
Then a chair was formed by the bees  
I bared the dare, come around me  
I won't speak for weeks, I hold my tongue  
Now I can hold the Sun - how is it I outnumber y'all?  
And y'all got me by 6 to 1 (y'all got me by 6 to 1)

*[Born Sun:]*

The Elohim hold court in the ether  
Decidin the fate of the human race I plead my case through the speakers  
Sun the rapper who mastered the dark matter  
The God particle mass created to smash atoms  
Deal with energies that vibrate at higher frequencies  
Your chakra's gotta be in line to even speak to me  
Journey through time and I doubt you'll ever find  
A shine on mines like mine that dwarf Einstein  
See I confuse Confucius, with a complex theory of evolution  
With mind power that devoured Isaac Newton



Heaven on Earth? Nah! It's more like some sort of Hell  
War with Satan ground shakin from the mortar shell  
Escape the Matrix like Morpheus  
Dodgin bullets in slow motion like we smokin some dust  
But my third eye's bright enough to spar with the Dalai Lama  
Verbal projectiles pierce spiritual body armor  
I'm a, master builder from an enslaved mason  
Tryin to hide my true identity as my creation  
Lines I scribed identify who I'm facin  
It's war! And either you a God or a Satan  
"Lyrical Law" draws a paper thin between love and hate  
Decide if you destroy or create  
They think it's verbal but this warfare is spiritual  
We box 'em in, apply pressure to his physical  
Check one two, who got more style than Sun do?  
None do, solar flare your Earth duke, son you  
I body the mic, I body the beat  
I body the emcee with the audacity to flow after me

*[K-Rino:]*

My automated system got eight wicked concoctions  
If that don't satisfy press nine for more options  
BOOOOP, I can't believe you just did that  
Twenty thousand wigs just concurrently slid back  
Ha~! I blow flames in hot dosages  
If I get too thirsty the Earth'll be oceanless  
Feelings don't move me, I guess I'm emotionless  
Sick party host, pinata full of locustses  
Bobbin for live grenades inside a bucket  
I know the plural pronunciation is "locust" but fuck it!  
What are the percentages, of a man actually choked to death  
After swallowin phonetic images?  
I spit unlimited pandemics, they're liberally distributed  
Millions of rappers skin grafts and can't spit it  
As I child I would see and slay; they'd check my room  
And find my imaginary friend's imaginary DNA  
It's gutwrenching - my ultimate intention  
Is to sit on top of The Tower of Infinite Ascension  
K-Rino the agg' jacker who ravages natural  
Like Z in the alphabet I keep comin after you  
The judge said for the sake of my health  
I've been ordered to stay a hundred miles away from myself  
You ain't hard! You a fake, I won't stop until I've blown his cover  
You softer than the baby sister of a Jonas Brother

*[Canibus:]*

You ain't a behavioral scientist, why you dyin to spit?  
You try too hard when you rhymin with 'Bis, try again  
Approved this for public release, fuck with the beast  
With bucked teeth bust your guns or get rushed in the streets  
Handcuffed to the back of the Jeep, blindfolded  
You hear a foreign language they speak, you do not know it  
Kidnapped to Kemet through Khartoum to parched sand dunes

To a dark room, to witness your doom  
Bash you in the face with the mag, rope around your neck  
Over a tree branch, hoist you up with three sandbags  
You shit yourself, your pants sag  
Global broadcast, man that's sad, they lynched him in the lab  
Twenty-four apprentices for hardcore fellowship  
Twenty-four masters, twenty-four lyricists  
Dead to the world, alive to the hearts that are pure  
If you endure your mind's opened doors  
Complete the last step without crossin my rep  
Who's next? What possessed you to jump off a cliff?  
I spit darts, once you stop the hip-hop juggernaut  
Kill you bloodclot, you stink like jungle rot  
Me I'm a Hermann Bushido Dogan Shotokan  
The prototype of the first proto rhyme  
With combined payloads, my glide bombs provide flows  
That cause World War II death tolls at live shows  
Independently targeted, bombin shit from so high up  
In the atmosphere you lose consciousness  
No oxygen, only Canibus anti-oxidants  
Think about it, why spit into a bottomless pit?  
I'm so isolated lyrically, they put me in a desert facility  
To test my abilities, check out my melodies  
Designed by Pratt & Whitney, rap so swiftly  
TAW-50 following me cause you're with me  
Your high bars are lukewarm, let me school y'all  
Intravenously cold blooded coolin coils are runnin through my jaws  
The Sun's hot - I'm warmer; the metaphor explorer  
I give a order, you can't cross the border!  
We ain't religions, don't talk about the Torah  
We'll crucify you on the cross for a quarter  
Welcome to my House of Slaughter, signing on the roster  
Go downstairs, put your stuff in the locker  
And come back, let me see what you got son, I dropped him  
Rappers steppin to me? I ain't the one  
Spontaneous nucleonic you the opposite, be honest  
You produce reduced knowledge, your discography is dishonest  
Both promise, change your name to MC Silence  
Yes, your album inspired me, no I didn't buy it  
Talk back, nigga get fired  
I'll erase your verse off the track so fast you'll wake up tired  
Candles go out, darkness infiltrate the house  
What the fuck he talkin 'bout? He got a mental case mouth  
I forced him to his knees, told him to face South  
Empty your PayPal bank account 'fore I blow your brains out  
Untouchable since the day I came out  
That's why these wack niggaz keep callin my name out  
How the fuck they gon' change that now? How they sound?  
I'm a put him in the ground, "Lyrical Law" style  
How you liked at me then, how you liked me now  
How you liked me in the future when I'm wearin that crown  
The crown is invisible, you don't have to be a loud individual  
You act like hip-hop is all you listen to

If that's true, this is for you  
Then I'm a keep rippin you, cause that's what Canibus do  
If that's true, this is for you  
And I'm a keep rippin you, cause that's what Canibus do

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Golden Cypher"

(feat. Ras Kass, K-Solo)

*[Ras Kass]*

Uhh

Rap so klepto, any mic I steal  
Y'all niggaz don't belong here like Michael Steele  
at a Republican Party, I go for [?]  
Leave cum stains on Sarah Palin's veneers for sure  
Like I'm in Mordor, tryin to burn the ring up  
The black semi knock your block off like playin Jenga  
Have sex with the whole world just by raisin my middle finger  
But y'all don't hear me though, (Inga)  
And just like that I'm back spittin nasty as (Foxy)  
Then I'ma stop servin y'all like the soup nazi  
Happy Days, then I'ma spin off like (Joanie Loves Chachi)  
Burn rubber, the Maserati mach three  
Screamin mazeltov at my aki  
(Squad) vomit at Keith Shocklee for the beat made of broccoli  
Got a Palestinian girl, her pussy the bomb  
Get it? Blew up, you can't stop me

*[Canibus]*

That's right, I wreck melody, so much energy  
Why get on the track if you can't stand next to me?  
So much energy it's a felony  
Your microphone memory remember me, this is your penalty  
You can't keep up mentally, you can't rhyme intelligently  
Do it on the track, can't do it in front of me  
You frontin, you and your man get all psyched up like it's Fight Club  
Times up, you lost, life sucks  
So does your wife slut, got a nice cunt  
Last night we wiped white stuff on her butt  
True power cannot be achieved by fightin over the mic  
You can't compete with Canibus, aight?!  
If your hat's turned to the back and you rap be prepared to scrap  
You don't have to be scared of no strap  
Cause your mind overstand all that  
Fall back or no more contact with the Gods of rap  
Go back to the "Lyrical Law" lab, first of all you trash  
You can't add all the rhymes you had  
Your mouth is a wound and your tongue is a scab  
This is a concept the young mind doesn't grasp  
That old stick in the mud, will put a gold bullet in a gun  
Show you where red blood comes from  
But that's not what you want, you want love  
Where does that come from? Define that you bum  
One thing at a time, intertwined as one mind  
The proto in the prime of one perpetual line

No evil one I can divide, no matter the times try  
No matter the lies that claim otherwise  
Slumdog drug lord, guns drawn, motherfuck guns laws  
You catch a big mini-gun gun charge  
This is "Lyrical Law" not lyrical war  
This is spiritual God, get your lyrics *[echoes]*

*[K-Solo]*

I'm nice with everything but chopsticks  
Eyes couldn't see my style with glasses or binoculars made of optics  
Stop it, slam it, rappers couldn't scoop a topic  
Let alone follow they finger to mock this  
Caught your hand on my style kid, put it in your pocket  
If you can't get it home, what the fuck is the logic?  
Want my devices, send my boys in to send fire to the ground  
Hang my flag and brag, who's the nicest?  
My Fort Knox, like Bunker Hill, *[?]* emcees guerrillas  
Rhymin to go banana, breaks performed by Mad Drill  
Man chill, your man'll get killed  
And when they dump his ass off they gon' find him in a landfill  
If I have to I will, that's on the real  
I'm (Destiny's) only (Child) of the pay, on these girl group "Bills"  
Word to Arthur Kill, Gun Hill for real  
Wolf Gang, Murder Mouth, it's the king of the hill

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Cypher Of Steel"

(feat. K-Rino, Skarlit Rose)

### *[Intro]*

It don't take nuttin to play exclusives man  
I wanna see niggaz get down with the motherfuckin skills man  
That's what really count man, any motherfuckin body  
can play, motherfuckin exclusives man  
It's about, the creativity, the blends, the mixes  
The skills nigga! Take it back to the essence of this shit man  
Let muh'fuckers see what you can REALLY do

### *[K-Rino]*

I'll give you one clue to guess what my rap gun do  
Like kung-fu, I got a steel pallet I practice runnin my tongue through  
Ninety extra inches my lung grew, I stun you  
And when I'm done a paraplegic'll outrun you  
You want head trauma, real soon I'ma promise I'ma  
drop seeds that blow up like the the Unabomber's momma  
Y'all know what happens when a rapper starts yappin  
I'll be bionic orangutan hand back stabbin  
I break light speed surge and illustrate verbs  
His career was so short his bio was eight words  
See I'm admittin the sentence was well written  
except THIS motherfucker should have never started spittin!  
I'm too triflin to let him life again  
I'm stiflin pain permanently by feeding you nitrogen Vicodin  
See some of the worst speakers that I know  
could vegetablise your flow like pico de gallo  
Boy you got a lot of balls, playin with a dude  
that can telekinetically extract bricks out of walls  
If you come in my zone dissin my curriculum  
I chew your ass out like the flavor in a stick of gum

### *[Skarlit Rose]*

The linguistic league bitches, cutthroat, smeared lipstick  
Wrists slit and I suggest you keep the [?] dissin before  
you wake up in a tub to only find your organs missin  
Make sure to leave your tongue, with hopes you continue spittin  
Dickridin, label providin, your fraudulent image  
You the type of silly hoe to have no sense to begin with  
Listen hooker emcees, on a mission of death, last breath  
Your final rest, baby who got next?  
I pop your lungs from your chest cavity  
You consider your amateur blow to be challenging well then battle me!  
I'll be waiting six feet, beneath the sheets of your thesaurus  
Deep defeat, crack your teeth, no AutoTune on my chorus  
Distorted your image, while drownin all your hopes and wishes  
Revenge is served cold on a set of dirty dishes

Snitches, yeah, haven't you heard?  
I'll put my barrel in your mouth and show you what a women's worth

*[Canibus]*

This is the definitive guide, on beats and rhymes  
On how to get a black eye fuckin with those black guys  
You better listen to what I'm sayin and teach yourself  
Or I'll give you a belt and watch you beat yourself  
Told you don't make a sound if you do they will put you down  
Then all I'ma say is look at you now  
Hip-Hop was not based off risk on a primal level  
We rhymin with you, not rhymin at you  
You better understand this shit or get talked to in Arabic  
Banana clip, you don't wanna talk to Canibus  
You talk about bars, my upper torso crawl up the wall  
in your house through your window boy  
Burglar bars get ripped off, bite off your arm  
Leave (Jigsaw) scars, that's just a doll  
This is Thunderdome hall, decoded like Sean  
The laser beam scan the apartment, it's gone  
Metaphorical wizard, the Oracle visit every four minutes  
Until I finish, you bring me more Guinness  
I'm like Devin the Dude, and Mexican food  
with some Mexican dude and some gunslingers too  
Come through, call the airstrike on your hood  
Evacuate every bitch that make love so good  
So what you wan' do? E'rybody chillin, we cool  
Don't have to rip the face off no fool  
That ain't "Lyrical Law" that's a lyrical rule  
I ain't did this before, I don't wanna be cruel  
I just wanna be loved, but the world wants blood  
So we barricade the doors and wait for the noise  
Nature boy, my name is deployed, the cave is destroyed  
If you mention his name, he gets annoyed  
Cause boys should not play with psychotic toys  
A boy should not talk with a psychotic voice  
Stand before me, don't plead no case  
Cause you passed "Lyrical Law", you already great  
So take your place next to any emcee that's great  
In the Most High's name we pray  
"Lyrical Law"

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Cypher Of Five Mics"

(feat. Chino XL)

*[Intro: Canibus samples scratched]*

"None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle me"  
"Fuckin with Canibus, you get ate up"  
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"  
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average"  
"Hit you so hard, my hand breaks and my shoulder dislocates"  
"I snatch your crown, wit'cha head still attached to it"  
"The Canibus is ill like that"

*[Chino XL]*

I murder a sixteen to the point that it's embarrassing  
Hide a grenade in my jeans, douse the booth in kerosene  
Shatter your heart's main vein pipe  
Insane at night I might have your career disappear in plain sight  
Throw you off the top of a church, stab you with a steeple  
I'm bloodying punchlines like I assaulted a hundred zebras  
Non-believers and their Lyric Jesus is haters that savor  
They're afraid since my native halo in the cradle  
became a famous behemoth misbehavin angel  
Insane but able with razors scrapin your face through ya neighbours naval  
A fatal fable from Satan's table with an unstable brain cable  
I'm hateful, blame it on being bi-racial  
I'm psychologically an anomaly  
Should be given formal apologies, honestly, a human oddity  
A commodity, Godly when rapist spittin, his blood spillin  
Chino so stuck up, gotta peel me off the fucking ceiling  
I'm bringin so much beef it'll make a Hindu kneel  
Too hard to kill you, heart's unequal beat you 'til you partial gristle tissue  
Too fast for a photo, I slash the rapper who'd be homo  
Leave him just skull and crutches like Jackass's movie logo  
Burn down your fuckin apartment, barricade the fire escape  
What I spit is rape, Chino make nightmares try to stay awake  
You've never had a fly quote and nigga you and I know  
the best thing you'll ever write is a suicide note  
Get the fuck outta here! (Five Mics, yeah)

*[scratched Canibus samples]*

"I kick that shit real niggaz feel"  
"The Canibus'll separate your body from your spirit"  
"I'm the baddest motherfucker"  
"What I'm spittin in your ear  
was intended to stimulate your left-brain hemisphere"

*[Canibus]*

Canibus and Chino XL, rebels from Hell  
He's a giant, I'm a stinger missile totin Keebler elf



Keep to myself, strategic for stealth; if I don't need it I leave it  
believe it I kept it greasy for more than 60 seasons  
Tear the target to pieces reload and repeat it  
I got a billion bars but I ain't got the time to release it  
And you ain't got the time to listen to it, hitman music  
Blow a hole through your head and piss through it  
cause you ain't fit to do this  
He vocalled it first, I vocalled it second  
Lyrics get murdered, we move in and do the forensics  
Shut down your studio sessions, DNA analysis and collections  
Cause Mic checking is a Ripper's jurisdiction  
I'm a telepathic detective, blast you with a non-kinetic weapon  
back to the essence beyond (The Outer Limits)  
Wicked and wretched, send you a message, we lure yo' ass out to the desert  
Motherfuckers prepare for the unexpected  
We meet, symbolic technique, anabolic release  
Any emcee gets weak when he knows he's dead meat  
If I strike you'll be red for weeks  
You might check in with a beast that'll tan you like the Mexican heat  
The steps to my monastery are steep  
If you still feelin froggy when we get to the top - then let's leap!  
Inhale the hydrogen mist, then try to get hyper than 'Bis  
It can't get no hyper than this  
"Lyrical Law," hands on, jet turbo fans on  
Aviators are drawn into a criss-cross sand launch  
Turn starboard but still can't dodge, bank hard  
S.O.S call command coms, concentrate can't talk  
Not out of the woods yet, you can't thank God  
The red baron's hair is as long as Susan Sarandon  
War Hawks and red hawks launch out the underground airforce  
You bail out like Amelia Earhart  
SEER training is for naught, I caught you before I finished my cigar  
You a prisoner of "Lyrical Law"  
Yeah! Now I'ma seal the whole area off  
What the fuck you thought? Ain't nobody scarin me off, AIGHT?  
Niggas be rhymin like they lazy and soft  
Get ate by the SpitBoss this is "Lyrical Law"  
Yeah, niggaz be rhymin like the lazy and soft  
Then get ate by a SpitBoss this is "Lyrical Law" - fuck you!  
(Get the fuck outta here)

*[Canibus samples scratched]*

"None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle me"  
"Fuckin with Canibus, you get ate up"  
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"  
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average"  
"Hit you so hard, my hand breaks and my shoulder dislocates"  
"I snatch your crown, wit'cha head still attached to it"  
"The Canibus is ill like that"  
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"  
"I kick that shit real niggaz feel"  
"The Canibus'll seperate your body from your spirit"  
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average" "Canibus"

"What I'm spittin in your ear  
was intended to stimulate your left-brain hemisphere"

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Ghost Of Hip Hop's Past"

*[first minute of the song is DJ shoutouts]*

*[Canibus]*

Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past  
Let's see how long infinity gon' last...

Wake up, what is the date? 1988  
Hip-Hop is barely exposed to the emotion and hate  
I hibernate, rhymin from space, my first album ten years late  
I tried to take it to a positive place  
But it was like a communist state, I tried to escape  
My label shot me in the back as I was climbin the gate  
I woke up, now I'm awake, I found democracy to be fake  
Hip-Hop sucks, who made it this way?  
I was a teenager when hip-hop saved the day  
Paychecks paid the way, not radio play  
Some artists had knowledge of self, that little bit of honesty helped  
Violent lyrics promoted positive guilt  
So even when you thought the message was negative it promoted positive health  
It was about the rhymes, not wealth  
It was about our culture, not about what the culture could sell  
It was a path to enlightenment, not Hell  
We amused ourselves and this confused everybody else  
I memorized "Rock the Bells"  
I memorized "Tales for the Crack Side" I used to rock gazelles  
EPMD, "You Gots to Chill"  
Doug E. Fresh, Slick Rick, Pete Rock, "Mistadobalina" was Del  
Cold Crush Crew, Melle Mel  
Sugar Hill, Salt-n-Pepa, Sweet Tee pretty as hell  
Shante dimple on her face, pretty as well  
I used to wanna smell the pale Roxanne's taie  
Technics 1200, beat it like an SB-12  
Lord Finesse the punchline king, Heavy D was doing his own thing  
Dio and McGruff used to hold things  
Biz Mark's big ass gold chain  
One day I think I saw the Jungle Brothers dancing on Soul Train  
Marley Marl, Craig G, Master Ace, Big Daddy Kane  
Kool G Rap put me under his wing  
On the road to lyricism, with Rakim and them  
Some real lyricists, Eric B. was sick with the zigga-ziggas  
I know I'm trippin, it's been a minute  
So many brothers and sisters it's hard to remember who did it  
Memories disappear like Whodini  
My friends disappeared faster than my budget when my producer was greedy  
{"Fat, Boyyyyyyyyyys"} feed me  
I've been eatin emcees, you still don't believe  
Brand of wool, brown teeth, red blood leak from Black Sheep

Whenever the horns blow it gets deep  
Digging In The Crates for my niggas in the street  
Diamond D had the "Best Kept Secret" for weeks  
D-Nice said, "Bis, you a beast", Redman said, "Peace"  
Def Jam said I couldn't compete  
Killah Priest spit "Heavy Mental" before "Heavy Mental" was released  
Accapella, no instrumental beat  
My Girbauds would hang low, no crease  
Timbs on the feet, Cold Cheeks had a Lex  
Tom Leek had the MPV, J Rav had the Jeep  
Clark Kent had the Tahoe, Charles bought a 4.6 because of Jay-Z  
The program director's name from Hot 97 was Tracy  
Tragedy Khadafi, Queens' first intelligent Prodigy  
Probably the first Arab Nazi  
K-9 Posse chew you up like blue chnk chopped meat  
MC N-I-N-E  
"This is the way we walk in New York"  
"Throw Ya Gunz" in the air if you ready for war  
Throw your hands the air if you ready for more  
If I don't like the way you look, I'ma tear your face off  
The Undergod, underground lord  
When it comes to "100 Bars" you niggaz know who to ask for!  
I woke up in the mornin, on a regular day  
I knew my nigga K-Solo would be around my way  
I washed off my Thor hammer, the trigger mechanism lubricate  
It was time to destroy the place  
He kept sayin if I spit my rhymes on the mic  
in no time, I would be back in the limelight  
I said, "Solo, nowadays I don't feel rap  
Cause it ain't like it used to be, the shit is whack"  
He said, "No 'Bis, trust Wolfgang, cause I know my shit  
You already know the flows I spit"  
We love hip-hop, we gotta pay homage to the shit  
I love hip-hop... *[fades out, comes back as scratching]*

*[repeat 2X]*

Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past  
Let's see how long "Lyrical Law" gon' last

*[Canibus]*

DJ Immortal, get it kid! YEAH!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Cypher With Self"

*[Canibus]*

People ask me what is Lyrical Law, in its most original form  
Lyrical Law is just a language that I use to describe various components of lyrical fitness, and that was all  
Then they said they wanted me to brake that down, cause I made that style  
So that's why I'm making this now, I'm gonna show you how, stay with me

2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,  
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort  
2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,  
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort  
First lesson, check it

2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,  
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort  
2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,  
Every concept seem separate, but all contact with a higher power is a message  
I said it, all contact with a higher power is a rare credit, only angels on the guest list

*[Urban Rose]*

We've had enough of the lies  
We won't keep believing your disguise  
Ain't no way to break through  
If you keep believing what they tell you  
'Cause when you wake up in the morning and you can't even breathe  
So much stress on your chest you just got to buckle to you knees  
Our lungs are shattered, shattered from the rage  
We don't give a fuck, we gon scream it anyway

*[Canibus]*

Yo, Lyrical Law flow, open the hyperdimensional window  
The cold is a node, unbenounced  
Lightening bolts that branch out fangs to the throat  
You can't speak on the truth cause you're a mainstream ho  
From the dirt floor in the hut, to the mansion on stilts and struts  
They are alive, but they haven't lived much  
It's almost time to get in touch, they will whine and discuss  
This is for they're own good, Canibus  
Hip Hop, what a rush, turn sucka MC's to slush, such and such and such  
Enough, none of them was hits, they was near missed  
I ain't talking about that, I'm talking about this  
2012, classified pattens, only the first couple of thousands got to do with rapping  
I've been rapping since rap happened  
Half of yall rappers is tap dancing, other half of yall is lap dancing  
The man in the mirror laughing at the Melatonin Magik  
Yeah, they all laughing till the Spaceships landed

*[Urban Rose]*

Sorrow leads the way

Always broken with their wicked mind.  
They're falling away  
'Cause there is no truth within their eyes  
No place, no place to go

*[Canibus]*

But not you Canibus, your sorrow will be your advantages  
But you must control how to channel it  
4th dimensional shifts are sandwiched  
Between this reality and a 5th dimensional rift  
The teacher doesn't talk in anaglyphs  
But you miss understand Canibus, hip hop gave him a chance to exist  
The most advanced lyricism ever spit  
And all they keep talking about is some stupid random shit  
Just talk about the good, stop talking about the bad  
Cause other peoples business will beat yo ass  
Somebody new showed up, and we don't like him  
They bathe in human corpse dismembered to their liking  
And all I'm doin is rhyming, Thats not violent  
Imma shut up, to deactivate this bomb we need silence  
Knowledge, is the reason that we bleed violet  
The leaders acknowledge this and profit  
They are the watchers of the prophets  
Post Apocalyptic, must stop ot  
Fear is not an emotion, fear is not an option  
They paralyze your motor skills, I could live without it  
You call that a thrill? I doubt it!

*[Urban Rose]*

We've had enough of the lies  
We won't keep believing your disguise  
Ain't no way to break through  
If you keep believing what they tell you  
'Cause when you wake up in the morning and you can't even breathe  
So much stress on your chest you just got to buckle to you knees  
Our lungs are shattered, shattered from the rage  
We don't give a fuck, we gon scream it anyway

*[Canibus]*

Steel cables repel downward to inner mountain  
Look around it, Sasquash is on my next album  
The savage lookin for salvage, Not talkin about them  
I'm talkin about us  
Theres probably only a thousand left  
Lyrical Law is your only outlet  
Get out while you still can and forget about it but don't doubt it  
I water the garden, the metal growin out the ground hardens  
My lyrics give me presidential pardon  
I serve as the Shepherd and Bro to bring a Message to the Globe  
This law is the mortar between stones  
I serve as the Shepherd and Bro to bring a Message to the Globe  
We are one Soul in separated zones  
We control our souls and the microphones

That control the sound waves that this Law exposes

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Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort

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# Canibus Lyrics

## "Rip Vs. Poet Laureate (Director's Cut)"

*[Intro: 'Gladiator' sample]*

You have proved your valor yet again  
Let us hope for the last time  
But there's no one left to fight, sire  
There is always somebody left to fight

*[Knowledge God]*

Are you an ego monster, writing ten thousand bars?  
I'll melt your squid face with ten thousand stars  
Your battle raps dried up like the ass of the Sphinx  
And your brains fried up my verses make your ball shrink  
I'll kill you like Marie Curie with Ionizing Radiation  
You are facing termination by your own creation  
My metaphors mechanics will toss you off the planet  
You smoke too much chronic, my vocab is volcanic  
Infinite beings with black bars, that eat through rap stars  
Travel time in fast cars, you fire past Mars  
I ran back home to battle Rip on the phone  
Right after I cracked Can-I-Bitch with the Mayan Sun Stone  
You say we'll live without fear for several millions years  
If you hold hands with your peers like a bunch of queers  
My Stryker Brigade driver, strike a gay rapper  
I leave Rip dehydrated with lines of hot lava  
I tie you up with a snake shaped like a sideways eight  
And watch you break and suffocate at an unrelenting pace  
Mechanical skeletal structure was designed with a Heavy Mental  
Your mind's left behind, it's as light as a feathered quill  
The Will of Knowledge God controls thoughts and movement  
And force Can-I-Bitch to eat atomic waste pollutant  
LL crucified your career with 'The Ripper Strikes Back'  
I slice you from ear to ear, who's the Jamaican in the body bag?

*[Canibus]*

Rip the Jacker quantum creator, the quasar quaker  
So many layers I can't demonstrate it on paper  
My melodic emulators cut you down with trachea lasers  
Of deeply deposited argon vapors  
My every verse is a psychic institutional burst  
I choose which layer to listen to first  
At the peak of the Bell Curve, earthquakes make me misspell words  
But loud and clear my every verse is well heard  
They barely understand you  
The unseen hands that sample you and command you, it's quite puritanical  
Henry Louis Gates Jr. said I was a lyrical computer  
A great leader of a spiritual movement  
Homo Noeticus student, the cosmic human  
Homo Evolutis, divine rulers from a digital future



I'm a poet not a puppet, I spit these rhymes without a budget  
With more infinite rhymes than cousins  
Non-periodic comets, halotolonian bubbles in solidified rock deposits  
When you take the time to unearth what I did  
You will witness infinity, every verse is a bridge  
Uneasy lies the head, my crown is too heavy for your men  
The mixing board got a thousand channels plugged in  
Music generated user generated mixing board entertainment  
For you mental entrainment

*[Canibus]*

The mic on my arm is symbolic for a knowledge bomb  
Celestial arms spiral into viral columns  
I was betrayed the moment you were born  
And more often than not I say it in my songs  
All day long I talk about Lyrical Law  
I reserve the right to say whatever I want  
If God kisses your face and the Devil kissed your ass  
Then how come you ain't got no goddamn cash?  
The breakaway civilization, generation on blast  
The human population is reduced to ten percent of the half  
For those who love to laugh  
Bolides collide with incoming craft  
The geography is nanoscopic nano-typography  
If you don't understand don't mock me  
The midnight lyricist with a one thousand bar cylinders  
A Ripper's lyricism is unlimited

*[Canibus]*

The opening mechanism for the Sphinx is behind the ears  
But there is freedom behind your fears  
I am the autistic King Ellipsis who broke the Ecliptic  
But don't nobody wanna listen  
After twelve I turned into a Rakim gremlin  
Bare witness to my lyrical fitness  
Paranoid chilling Bob Dylan, Hip Hop villain  
Lyrical Law from the heart of the Dark Lizard King still spitting  
Kill a gilla reptile with poisonous venom  
Give 'em a poem in every embolism when the rhythm hit 'em  
Bus 'em, punishes women and children, whoever wit' 'em  
The illest alive, still living, still spitting  
The audio master, blast you with a vocal sample trigger  
I'm the illest, I'm the illest, I'm the illest  
They got their plans and we got ours  
Plus I got my own plans if something goes sour

*[Canibus]*

Fast acting bio hazard, my verse is a surface burst  
Blasting and attacking and backtracking through a massive magnet  
Global area with a bio location for rappers  
Vocals powered by zero point magic motors  
How many times you done this before Bis?  
Created an album that some love but others dismiss

My air-apparent is trying to hijack Hip Hop  
Using some fucked up mixing board spirits  
Everything I've written for my brothers and sisters who still listen  
This ain't no fricking fake reality vision  
This a real mission, the real wheels of steel still spinning  
I laugh, radio DJs ass kissing  
How far would you go to be a rapper? Ask 'em  
Beyond the absence of light is only blackness  
How far would you go to be a rapper? Ask 'em  
Beyond the absence of light is all blackness

*[Canibus]*

Two hundred bars, eleven minutes, eighteen bars per minute  
Yeah, I still got it, can you fuck with it?  
Superior rhymes recorded inside ethereal time  
Uncontrived and alive by design  
Tiger tooth Spiderman diving off the roof  
Smile, it's the truth when I'm rhyming over loops  
I'm in a spaceship minus the roof  
Yeah, a real spaceship, something I designed in my youth  
Let the world know the truth,  
That I designed iller records than you  
I wrote, produced and recorded and released a lot more records than you  
Just thought that I should get more credit than you  
'Cause I'm better than you  
See, you can lie to me but don't lie about me  
Is that all you got? No wonder you grouchy  
My lyrics sound horrible, your voice sounds lousy  
So why you still be up on radio talking 'bout me?

*[Canibus]*

Catchphrase me if you can, nobody rhyme like Javelin Fangz  
I grab the mic with pure knowledge in my hand  
Jump off the bridge, you fake niggas scam  
I'll strangle you with dreadlocks and my bear hands  
Take you to the ground, release no release, I'm a beast  
Run out of wind? I'll hit you with the piece  
One, two, three deceased  
It's already chaos going on in the streets, it's just you and me  
I'ma make you eat everything you said about the kid  
Hip Hop's one of those things I'm proud I did  
I respect your whole catalog and what you've said  
And I'ma share your legacy with the one's who care  
They say, "Hip Hop is the greatest story never told"  
Imagine what it'd look like at a hundred years old  
You can't use mind control on a timeless soul  
An emcee's lyrics defines his role

*[Canibus]*

Close encounters with the poetic Buddha  
Outside Infinity City, with programmable life-form producers  
The Grand Deception, that's what it was  
The idea of aliens or anatomical subs

For dinosaurs that feed off our flesh and blood  
They worship the Sun, put you to death if you run  
The serpent from Eden at Glen Rose, Texas museum  
What's the meaning? They lived alongside human beings  
Visible photography blends with lomography lens  
They can't copy, no matter how they pretend  
The Canibus Man, is just apocalypse in a can  
But Rip the Jacker spreads soundscapes across the land  
Constant to your death signals, Hip Hop jingles  
I could literally kill you with a Hip Hop single  
SEI is now online, the next verse reverse time  
I can float a pound of steel with my mind  
Tesla shield designed, obsessed with unlocking my mind  
'Cause there is no stopping my kind  
The photons of life phase conjugation on the mic  
My rhymes re-materialize as light  
The lost unified field theory of Maxwell  
They know I rap, but they didn't know I rap that well  
I can't deceive you, the truth is out there for the people  
The lies are transparent to see through  
I dream the galactic green, the Northern Lights in the skies  
Uninhibited by the jet stream  
God is within me, God is within you too  
And together we will find the truth  
They said "You ain't the same Rip, Canibus, Poet Laureate"  
But you never check what Germaine think  
Project CC-gate spit, comet sized "C" spaceship  
They so shocked they didn't say shit  
Lyrical Law is all about the lyrics  
And it goes a little something like this, hit it